

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGES FOR EVERYBODY

Bedtime Tales For Kiddies

Caroline and Mary Etta.

CAROLINE had been naughty, I am sorry to tell you, and her mother told her she must go to her room and stay there until supper time.

"Can't I go in the playroom and stay?" pleaded Caroline.

"No," replied her mother, "you have been very naughty, and the toys do not want such a bad little girl in there. I don't believe Mary Etta wants to go with you, either. You better give her to me; she will be glad to see you when you are good."

Mary Etta was Caroline's doll, and the one thing she loved best of all the playroom toys, so she hugged her close and begged to be allowed to keep her.

"Well, I will allow her to go with you, but you must not be naughty even in your thoughts, because I do not wish Mary Etta to become naughty, being in your company," said her mother.

When Caroline was in her room and the door closed she sat down by the window to think. She didn't know just what her mother meant about Mary Etta being in her company, but she thought perhaps she was because she watched all that she did, and Caroline began to think about Mary Etta, and wondered how she would like it if Mary Etta could talk and say naughty things to her.

Somewhere Mary Etta looked at her harder than ever, and Caroline put her in a chair in front of her and looked at her.

"I want to get out," said Mary Etta, suddenly. "I have not been naughty the way you have. I want to go out in the park with the other dolls."

Caroline stared. Could Mary Etta talk when she wanted to, after all?

Then Mary Etta got down from her chair and came to Caroline's chair.

"Why can't I go out?" she asked.

"You can't go out alone," said Caroline, not knowing what else to answer.

"Why are you so naughty, then, when you know I have to stay in, too?" asked Mary Etta.

"I don't think you have any right to ask me that," said Caroline. "I am bigger than you are, and I don't have to tell you."

"All right, then, I will be naughty just as you are," said Caroline. "I think you are a little girl and cannot have your own way," said Mary Etta.

"I want to go out; I want to go out," she began to scream and making a dreadful noise.

Caroline put her finger in her ears. "Stop that noise right off," she said. "You cannot go out, and that is all I can tell you."

Mary Etta did a terrible thing; she just screamed and laid on the floor and kicked.

Mary Etta, said Caroline.

"I am ashamed of you; don't you love me any; you make me very unhappy when you act like this?"

"I don't care if I do," screamed Mary Etta. "and I don't love you. I think you are a cross mother not to let me go out."

Caroline felt like crying. Mary Etta didn't love her, of course, if she talked that way to her, and she loved Mary Etta so much. "Oh, dear, what shall I do with her," thought Caroline.

"Mary Etta, come here and look out of the window. I see two little puppies playing on the lawn," said Caroline.

"I don't want to see them," screamed Mary Etta. "I want to go out."

"Get up from the floor; you are soiling your dress," said Caroline.

"I don't care if I am," said Mary Etta, rolling over and wriggling about as her dress would get more soiled.

"I think I know a story you would like to hear," said Caroline. "Come here and sit beside me."

"I don't want to hear your old story; you don't tell stories I like," said Mary Etta, looking very cross and sitting up on the floor.

"I want to go out; can I go out?" asked Mary Etta.

"Oh, dear," sighed Caroline; "what shall I do?"

"Can I go out, mother?" asked Mary Etta again.

"No, you cannot go out just now," replied Caroline, ready to cry.

Then Mary Etta began to cry again until Caroline put her hands over her head just as she had seen her mother do many times when she was naughty.

Caroline got up and took Mary Etta by the hand. "You are a naughty girl and you make me very unhappy. Now I am going to punish you."

Mary Etta kept on crying and Caroline put her in a chair with her face to the wall. "You must sit there until you stop crying and think how naughty you have been."

Mary Etta screamed louder than before and Caroline sat down by the window wondering what she could do to make a good girl out of Mary Etta, whom she loved so much and wanted everybody else to love, but she knew that no one loved naughty girls.

Caroline felt something soft on her cheek and she opened her eyes to see her mother bending over her.

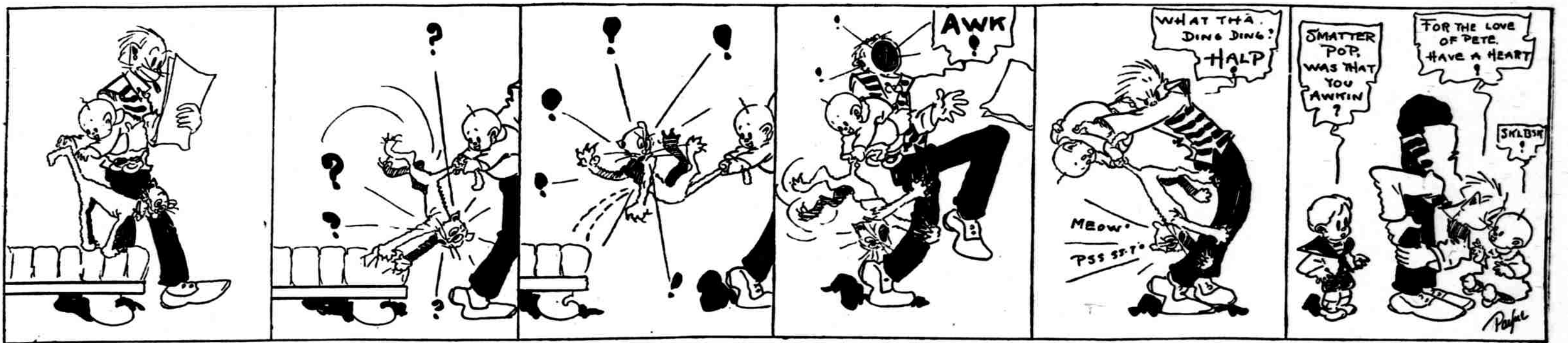
"You were sleeping out of the chair," said her mother, lifting her from the chair.

"Oh, mother, I am so sorry I was naughty," said Caroline, putting her arms around her mother's neck. "I do love you very much, and I am sorry I said I didn't."

Caroline looked over her shoulder at Mary Etta. There she was, sitting in the chair just where she had put her and looking right at her, but she was so quiet that Caroline could not believe she had even dreamed Mary Etta was naughty, for that was what she did. Of course, she dreamed that Mary Etta did all the naughty things she had done and said, and she was sad and unhappy, just as her own mother was when she was not a good little girl.

After that when Caroline was inclined to be bad she thought of Mary Etta and how unhappy she was in the dream, and the thought of that helped her to be a good girl.

"S'Matter, Pop?"



Hypocrisy Is The Cloak Of Crime

SELFISHNESS is named as the keynote to the situation which calls for new community standards in the fight against evils in the body politic, in this the concluding article in the series by Kate Waller Barrett.

Hypocrisy she plays as being the deep-seated disease of civilization. To remedy conditions it is not necessary to formulate a complete program, she asserts, but we may begin by eliminating many contributory causes by producing a rational social life. The call is a personal one and the grasping of a few salient facts will enable each one to evolve a standard for his own attitude and thus hasten the day when the chief concern shall be the highest welfare of all.

By KATE WALLER BARRETT.

A prominent physician said to me a few days ago, "I have been reading your articles with a great deal of interest. I am very curious to know where you will end—as if there could be an end, any more than a beginning."

"Behold the puny child of man, sits by Time's boundless sea, and gathers in his tiny hand drops of eternity."

He overhears some whispered word of hidden mystery; He writes it in a tiny book and calls it history."

All that anyone can do is to gather a few salient facts which have a bearing upon present conditions, and from them evolve a standard for our own attitude in order that we may assist in hastening the happy day when the highest welfare of each shall be the chief concern of all.

The "social evil" is but one of the many ills that afflict the body politic. Like the physical body, a complication of diseases is almost impossible to cure, because the remedy which is good for one is bad for the other.

The root of every evil of the body politic is found in selfishness. The keynote to the situation was struck by the Prodigal Son when he said: "FATHER, GIVE ME THAT WHICH IS MINE." In that word "MINE" is wrapped the seeds of all the diseases from which the world suffers today.

The social evil is but one of these diseases.

Photograph of Conditions. A prominent business man in a nearby city writes: "You have hauled everybody over the coals. Lawmakers, preachers, doctors, politicians, all have been dragged in. Who next?"

This is true, and if there is anyone who has not been held responsible for present conditions, these articles have failed to be photographic of present conditions.

This was what Christ meant to show when the woman taken in adultery was brought into His presence. He turned and looked at her accusers, and said, "If that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her," and "they all began to go out from the oldest to the youngest."

What an orderly procession that was! The old men who knew the world best said: "It is time for us to go. It is rather embarrassing not to be able to throw a stone in the presence of these young fellows who have looked up to us as their guides and leaders. It would be rather difficult for us to explain why we do not live up to our profession." And so they went.

I can well imagine how some of the young fellows would shrug their shoulders and, with an air of complacency, say: "Well, after all, we are not to blame so much, because if these old fellows cannot throw a stone, how can they expect us to do it?"

Deep Rooted Taint. Some one has said there was no woman in the audience, for if so she certainly would have thrown the stone. Whether guilty or not, she would not have submitted to the impeachment without a protest.

Personally, I do not believe all these men, old and young, had been guilty of the same crime of hypocrisy, but I believe they were all guilty of the same crime of selfishness.

Christ looked behind the concrete act of the sinner to the ramifications of society which made the act possible. With His knowledge of the human heart he saw, even in the lives of the supposed respectable and honorable, the Pharisaical spirit, the unusual attitude and selfish aggrandizement, which permits the dollar mark to be placed against character and the immortal soul of fellow human beings.

Christ made these men understand that while the sin which the woman committed was condemned by the Law of Moses, the sins which they commit were also condemned; that this was but the festering sore which showed the

deep-rooted taint in the very blood of their social structure.

Hypocrisy At Fault. No one can study the question of the Social Evil without seeing its ramifications in every department of life. No individual and no institution, which does not lift its voice continually in protest, is without blame for its continuance. Every thing which holds human life and character cheap has the "scarlet letter" stamped upon it, because it is in that fact that the Social Evil is desperately points.

The deep-seated disease of civilization is not prostitution, it is hypocrisy—the hiding behind names which mean nothing, but are simply cloaks for all sorts of crime.

If we were to shoot a man on the street, even though his death was painless it would be murder, and we would pay the penalty with our own lives. If we murdered the same man by slow and painless process, grinding out his life by ill-requited labor and coining a blood into dollars, it would be called—business.

The only real difference is this: The man who committed murder might have had a heart, while the other has only a block of ice where his heart ought to be.

Lowering of Ideals. Last winter I was in Canada, along the line of the construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific Transcontinental camps. In one, the contractor showed me with a great deal of pride the tents that sheltered several hundred splendid mules—being from the South I know a good mule when I see it, and those were certainly unusual. When I noticed how clean and comfortable the tent the mules were in, as compared to that of the men, I said, "I would like to turn the mules out and put the men in."

With a look of surprise he said: "You must be a Socialist. Surely you do not expect me to turn these mules out and put the men in? I can get all of the men I want for \$10 a head, and in Winnipeg, where material values are held more sacred than personal values, a disinclination of lowering of social ideals is sure to follow. In its wake will be found all manner of evils—among them prostitution."

Rational Social Life. But we need not wait until we have a complete program of elimination to begin. Much can be done to limit the amount of prostitution, even under present social conditions. Many contributory causes may be eliminated and thus the amount decreased.

Prostitution due to ignorance can be done. It is rather embarrassing not to be able to throw a stone in the presence of these young fellows who have looked up to us as their guides and leaders. It would be rather difficult for us to explain why we do not live up to our profession." And so they went.

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MRS. KATE WALLER BARRETT

Nothing could put this more forcibly than the following from Dr. Fickner's book on prostitution in Europe:

"In so far as prostitution is the outcome of natural impulses denied a legitimate expression, only a rationalized social life will forestall it. In so far as prostitution is due to alcohol, to illegitimacy, to broken homes, to bad homes, to low wages—only a transformation wrought by education, religion, science, sanitation, enlightenment and far-reaching statesmanship can effect a cure. Civilization has stripped for a life-and-death struggle with tuberculosis, alcohol, and other plagues. It is on the verge of another similar struggle with the grosser forms of commercialized vice."

Our Own Responsibility. The knowledge that conditions are wrong is a divine call to use our influence to right them. This is beautifully set forth in Mr. Lownd's well-known poem, "Extreme Unction."

"God bends from out the deep and says, I gave thee the great gift of life, Wait thou not called in many ways? Is not My earth and heaven at strife?"

Nothing could be more stimulating in considering our responsibilities than the following quotation from W. T. Stead:

"Every man and woman who fall short of the perfect manhood of Jesus Christ cries out for help to his remoteness from the ideal. Man make Christ's image into paupers and prostitutes."

To redeem the world, every agency for good is needed, and new agencies still.

"The great need, intelligent sympathy and imagination. True catholicity, character, all else included, to be encouraged; their baser parts discouraged more by favor to the good than direct censure. To work on, to yearn, on in faith."

In Politics. "How do you like being a voter as far as you've got?" asked the conversationalist.

"Oh, it's splendid!" answered the enthusiastic Illinois suffragist. "Why, every candidate that I go to hear gives me a lovely box of candy."—Buffalo Express.

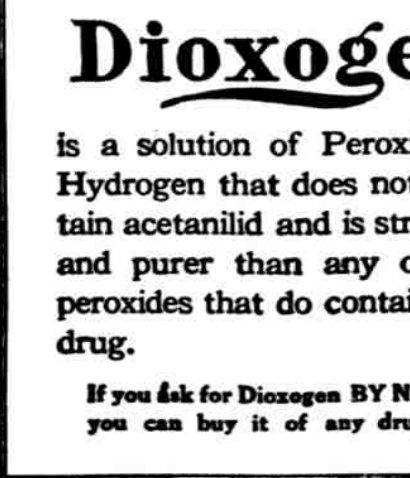
"CASCARETS" RELIEVE SICK, SOUR STOMACH

Move acids, gases and clogged waste from liver and bowels.

Get a 10-cent box now.

That awful sourness, belching of acid and foul gases, that pain in the pit of the stomach, the heartburn, nervousness, ravenous bloating, dizziness, drowsiness and sick headache, means a disordered stomach, which cannot be regulated until you remove the cause. It is all your stomach's fault. Your stomach is as good as any.

Try Cascarets; they immediately cleanse the stomach, remove the sour, undigested and fermenting food and foul gases; take the excess bile from the liver and carry off the constipated waste matter and poison from the bowels. Then your stomach trouble is ended. A Cascaret tonight will straighten you out by morning—a 10-cent box from any drug store will keep your stomach sweet, liver and bowels regular for months. Don't forget the children—their little insides need a good, gentle cleansing, too.—Adv.



TODAY'S PHOTO-PLAY STORIES

"Discord and Harmony."

Three-Reel Drama.

The ComposerMurdoch MacQuarrie
The SculptorLon Chaney
The ArtistAllen Forrest
The Symphony Conductor.....Neil
The GirlPauline Bush

R. MacQUARRIE is especially noted for his ability at "make-up." His plays in this play the role of the composer, fashioned after the life of Beethoven. While Mr. MacQuarrie is comparatively a young man, one finds a complete transformation from the original in the character he portrays on the screen; not alone in the makeup of the most skilled kind, but his study of a fastly aging man, highly temperamental, of such a nature as to inspire enthusiasm of the noblest kind.

Arthur H. Rosson is the author of the play and both he and the director, Mr. Dwan, are in line for much credit for the fine results attained in the play.

After all his friends have left, the disconsolate from across the hall, seeks help of Felix. The old musician is touched, and all of his flowers, tributes to his success, he carries into the room of death, and lends the girl such financial assistance as she sorely needs.

The following day, Felix adopts the girl as his ward. Lon, a sculptor, falls in love with her. Forrest, an artist, patronizes the girl, and is repulsed in his light advances.

Forrest circulates gossip to the girl's discredit, and finally on the eve of Lon's departure, he convinces Felix's friends that he is right. The old musician secretly notices that he is deserted by his friends. The friends hold a council and decide to force the girl to marry the man he is harboring.

Old Felix, after fully grasping what the man draws himself up proudly, and drives them from his studio. However, he is rendered more feeble by the reaction of his violent emotions, and the contemplation of the foul suspicions which have separated him from his old friends. But work and worry and favors forgotten are too much for the old man. He staggers to his bed room and dies.

The girl finds him there, and carries the message of his death to his friends. They converge and, that his soul may hear and forgive them, they play his last symphony.

Lon, the sculptor, has returned from Europe, famous, and while the party of friends are yet at the death bed, he enters and greets the girl as his wife. The friends understand the injustice of their treatment of old Felix.

This picture will be shown at the Empress Theater, 418 Ninth street, Tuesday afternoon and evening.

"The Fall of France."

IT was in July of the year 1870, when the clouds of war rolled slowly over the Rhine. Beneath the French ensign, had been chosen for the task of finding out how great demands the Prussians would submit to. He delivered himself of his mission on the promenade of Ems in a deliberately frivolous manner. Bismarck at once informed the whole German people of the French demands, and a shout of indignation went up. As the king returned to Berlin on the fifteenth of July, he was received at every halting place by great crowds of people, with joyful acclamation. After the declaration of war there burst forth in all great Germany a fire of enthusiasm such as had not been witnessed since 1813, and then only in Prussia.

They are bloody days, those days the August sun illuminated. The battle in the open country is succeeded by the horrors of a hand to hand conflict in the cities; the streets of Wurth are dyed red with the jabbing bayonets; the level spaces of Vionville and Gravelotte are shaken beneath the thundering hoofs of Kurassiers and Ulanen, and the reign of bullets of the Mitrailleuse batters down what the sword thrust spares.

Then the days of Mars-la-Tour and St. Privat! And in the meanwhile the iron circle was drawing closer and inexorably around Sedan. Napoleon's last army saw itself hemmed in closely about a bend in the River Maas. The battle of their despair was fought on the morning of September 1; at midday the white flag appeared on the walls of the fortification. Napoleon saw that further opposition would be in vain. He sent General Fretterich to the Prussian camp.

The King immediately ordered a cessation of the fighting, and Bismarck and Moltke saw to the drawing up of the conditions of the surrender. The following day in the little neglected Castle of Bellevue, near Doncherry, King Wilhelm received his prisoners.

Everyone had expected that now the war would come to an end. Napoleon was captured, Sedan had fallen. The path to the heart of France lay open. But they were mistaken. On the 4th day of September the Republic was declared in Paris, and all France united anew under its banner in patriotic enthusiasm. Paris was provisioned, its walls were strengthened anew, and manned by a national guard. A through the provinces forces of revenge nerved themselves to the uttermost, and later came the days of the bath of blood at Metz, and the surrender of Strasbourg.

"The Fall of France" will be shown at the Virginia Theater, Ninth near F streets, today.

"The Judgment of the Jungle."

Three-Part Gaumont.

HOLKAR, played by Mr. Darity, falls in love with Betty, portrayed by Miss Dugmar. She is engaged to Palmer. He tries to be a man, but fails. Holkar explains to Palmer that he is not an adept with the sword, so it would be useless for him to attempt to fight a regulation duel. He proposes that the two men go unarmed to a hut on the place, where through an open window there will be a wild animal, the beast to make his own selection of a victim. Although Palmer has no particular reason for indulging in this singular contest—the girl is surely his—he agrees.

Holkar proves to be a coward. As the supreme moment approaches he shoots Palmer with a revolver and flees, leaving Palmer to his fate. The wounded man tries to get away from the hut, which he hears on the roof. He is able to close a door, at which the beast frantically pushes and between the crack of which he shoves his paw.

Betty providentially comes to the note of challenge sent by Holkar and goes to the hut. She fires a pistol at one of the two beasts on the roof, and then climbs in the window. Unprovisionally her pistol is lost out of her holster. One of the beasts enters the hut; the fight is on. The two have it all over the floor. The big cat takes the woman's arm in his jaws; his paw goes over her face, her body, as if he were claving her to pieces. Providentially Betty reaches out for a knife lying under a table, and after a further struggle apparently quells the beast.

This picture will be shown at the Empress Theater, 418 Ninth street, today.

Repertory In Two of the Theaters

With Sir Johnston Forbes Robertson in repertory of his greatest success, Tom Terriss, in plays from the works of Charles Dickens, a brand new play and a presentation at popular prices of a piece which only recently had a successful run at the Lyceum, there would seem to be plenty of material for Washington playgoers to choose from this week. The list of attractions for the week follows:

PELASCO—Sir Johnston Forbes Robertson begins farewell engagement with Hamlet as first role.

NATIONAL—Premiere of "The Dummy," a play by Harvey O'Higgins and Harriet Ford, authors of "The Argyle Case."

COLUMBIA—Tom Terriss in a repertory of plays from Dickens. Tonight "Christmas Carol," followed by "Shadow." Mr. Terriss version of "A Cricket on the Hearth."

POLIS—"Stop Thief," a melodramatic farce in three acts by Carlisle Moore.

B. F. KEITH'S—Vaudeville, Pathe's news of the world in motion pictures, organ recitals and daily dances.

GAYETY—Miner's Big Frolly Company in a new musical burlesque "Mixers." Performance continuous from 1:30 until 10:45 p. m.

CECOS—Vaudeville and motion pictures with special attractions including the Country Store, dancing contests and an Amateur Night.

CRANDALL'S—Moving pictures exclusively. Exhibitions continuous from 11 a. m. to 11 p. m.

Be Careful. "How can I keep my hair from falling out?" "Don't do anything that annoys it."—Detroit Free Press.

Woodward & Lothrop

New York—WASHINGTON—Paris.

A NEW DRESS WAISTCOAT FOR MEN: "The Hesitation"

ESPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR DANCING, BUT JUST AS APPROPRIATE FOR ANY DRESS FUNCTION.

"The Hesitation" Waistcoat is a new creation in men's dress apparel; it is particularly adapted for dancing, but its use extends to all dress wear. It gives you a feeling of ease and comfort not found in the usual dress waistcoats and is better fitting.

This Waistcoat is highly recommended for its appearance and comfort; in full dress and tuxedo styles.

Priced at \$5.00 and \$6.00

Second floor, F street.

Introducing the First New Styles in Boys' Finest Norfolk Suits

For Spring-Summer Wear.

For the past two seasons Norfolk styles have been coming into their own after a long and unworthy neglect. This spring one sees nothing else but Norfolks, and they possess a distinctive style and refinement of appearance that will immediately establish them in the greatest favor they have yet enjoyed.

Boys choose clothing mostly for its appearance—both style and fabric entering into the decision. One glance at our large displays of the new things that our designers have sent us will show you how handsome the suits really are.

And because of the fact that they are all Norfolks do not get the impression that the assortments are lacking in variety. Our designers know how to give distinctiveness and life to a suit, and have created many variations; single and double breasted Norfolks are both here.

One of the best new models is made with Norfolk back to the waist line and plain front, incorporating the most stylish and desirable features of the Norfolk and the plain jacket, and making it so pleasingly stylish and attractive; patch pockets, natural shoulders and collar.

The New Spring Fabrics and Patterns in all the wanted weaves and color effects—grays, tans, browns, and blues, and in sizes 8 to 18.

\$5.00 to \$13.50

Second floor, F street.

